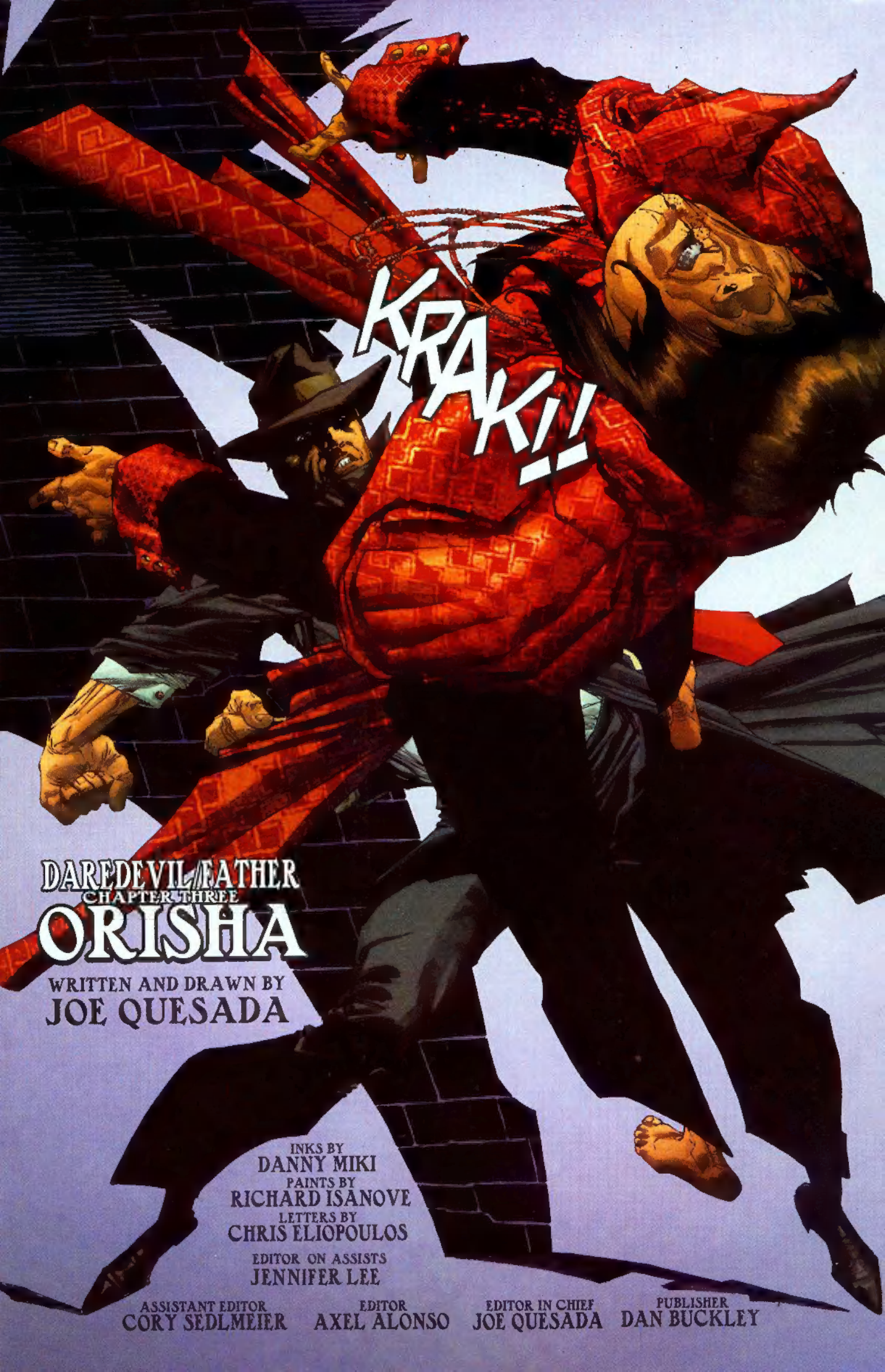
"TICK-TOCK, MURDOCK.
"LEVANTATE, DIABLO. RISE AND SHINE, BABY.
THAT VOICE.
"YOU KNOW, WE ALMOST BELIEVED THAT STORY OF YOURS.
SOMETHING ABOUT...
...SO COMPELLING.
"IT TAKES MAJOR COJONES TO SUE A TABLOID FOR REVEALING YOUR SECRET IDENTITY.
HYPNOTIC.
"ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE RIGHT."
CAT FOOD

WHO THE HELL--?
SANTERIANS, BABY, HOW WE LOOK?
HEY, YOU REALLY BLIND OR IS THAT A FIB, TOO?
'CAUSE WE LOOK GOOD!

I DON'T-- WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
WHAT *THIS* IS ABOUT IS SIMPLE, PAPI.
THIS IS WHAT'S CALLED AN INTERVENTION.
HELL'S KITCHEN MAY BE CRIME-FREE, THANKS TO YOU, BUT ALL YOU'RE DOING IS SWEEPING THE CRAP INTO ***SOMEONE ELSE'S*** BACKYARD.
SO WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?
ONE OF THOSE BACKYARDS HAPPENS TO BE MINE! I'M SICK OF CLEANING UP YOUR SLOPPY SECONDS.
OH, AND MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD THAT THERE'S SOME FREAK OUT THERE PLUCKING WOMEN'S EYES OUT!
'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS? I THOUGHT THIS ***WAS*** YOUR BUSINESS.
LONG AS HE STAYS OUT OF THE KITCHEN, IT'S NOT MY BUSINESS. LET THE COPS TAKE CARE OF IT.
PHONY.
EXCUSE ME?
YOU HEARD ME.



DAREDEVIL/FATHER
CHAPTER THREE
ORISHA

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
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UNGH!
ELEGGUA?
I'M FINE.
AHHHHHH!
KRACKLE!
THAT WASN'T VERY SMART, ESE.
CHANGO, STOP! THIS IS NOT THE WAY!
KOOOOH
OUT OF MY HANDS NOW, BOSS.
LITTLE MAN, ONE DOES NOT STRIKE ELEGGUA! SAY THE WORD, ORISHAS, AND THIS ONE'S SOUL JOINS THOSE THAT WHISPER ON THE WIND.
FWAMM!
UK!

CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY, DIABLITO, THAT MY MASTER IS A MERCIFUL ONE.
HMM. SUCH A PRETTY LITTLE MAN.
BUT YOU SMELL LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING IN THE TRASH.
OYA, LEAVE HIM BE.
THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE PRETTY--
WELL THEN, BACK YOU GO.
KAAREEESH!!
UNNNH
FRSHAFFFK!
OGUN, PLEASE. HELP HIM BEFORE...
AS ALWAYS, MASTER. I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU.

HOLA, DIABLITO.
YOU'RE BLEEDING.
DELICIOUS.
I'LL MAKE IT STOP!
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!
HEYYY!
OSHUN, STOP. HE'S DONE NOTHING TO DESERVE THAT.
CABRONE!
SPK!
MY APOLOGIES, LITTLE BROTHER, YOU DO NOT DIE TODAY.

SMCK!
#%$@ YOU!
WAIT, PLEASE. LET'S ALL STOP FOR A MOMENT.
WE HAVE ALL GOTTEN OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT.
HIS VOICE AGAIN.
SOMETHING ABOUT IT.
PERHAPS WITH THE HEAT AND ALL...
HE'S MAKING SENSE.
NO, JUST INTOXICATING.
TURN HIM OFF...
GET--GET OUT--WHILE YOU STILL CAN.
AS YOU WISH, BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU'RE IN ANY SHAPE TO BE DELIVERING THREATS, DIABLITO.
GO...
SCREW...
YOUR--
--
FWUMP!
COME, ORISHA, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THIS CITY.
SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.

SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.
SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.
SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.
SOMEONE'S GOT TO DO IT.
THAT VOICE... IN MY HEAD.
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN OUT?
MINUTES?
HOURS?
HOURS!
RIBS BROKEN...
...AGAIN.
FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN PLAYING CATCH WITH A FREIGHT TRAIN.

CAREFUL, MURDOCK. SOUNDS LIKE A CROWD AT THE END OF THE ALLEY.
SOUNDS LIKE...
...COPS! EMS!
LOTS OF CHATTER...
SEPARATE THE CHATTER, WHAT ARE THEY...
OH, GOD NO!
THERE'S BEEN A MURDER.
FOCUS, MATT. LISTEN HARDER.
SOMEONE'S SAYING...
NO!
YES. SOMEONE SAYS "JOHNNY SOCKETS."
"JOHNNY SOCK--"
SNF!
WAIT, THIS CAN'T BE?
OLD SPICE.
OLD SPICE...
...AND A HINT OF CHEMO.
GOTCHA.
SEAN FARRELL. I WAS FOLLOWING HIM BEFORE THE SANTERIANS--
SHOULD HAVE LOST HIM BY NOW.
IT'S BEEN HOURS. WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?
DAMN, HE'S MOVING. DID HE SEE ME?
'SCUSE ME.
LOSING HIM... UNGH, MY RIBS.
THERE'S NO NEED TO PUSH, YOUNG MAN.
HEY, WATCH WHERE YA GOIN', BUDDY.
LOSING HIS SCENT.
PLEASE, I NEED TO GET THROUGH.
NYPD
DAMN!
POLICE

HELL'S KITCHEN.
SO, ROBIN, WHAT DO WE HAVE IN THE NEWS?
WELL, THERE'S THIS LITTLE THING CALLED A HEAT WAVE WE'VE ALL BEEN SUFFERING THROUGH.
TELL ME ABOUT IT. I'M SITTING HERE WATCHING ARTIE SWEAT AND IT'S GROSSING THE HELL OUT OF ME.
IN OTHER NEWS: JOHNNY SOCKETS HAS STRUCK AGAIN.
THIS GUY'S OUT OF CONTROL.
9:36
UNNGH
WELL, IT SEEMS THE FEDS AGREE WITH YOU, HOWARD.
SO FAR, THE ONLY THING IN COMMON THE NYPD'S BEEN ABLE TO FIND BETWEEN THE MURDERS IS THAT THEY'VE ALL BEEN WOMEN, AND THEY'VE ALL HAD THEIR EYES REMOVED. SO THE FBI HAS SENT SEVERAL PROFILE SPECIALISTS TO AID WITH THE INVESTIGATION.
I SAY SEND IN JODIE FOSTER.
ARRRRRAGH!
HEY, WHAT'S THIS? LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SEEMS WE HAVE A SPECIAL GUEST THAT'S JUST POPPED INTO THE STUDIO: THE ONE AND ONLY NERO!
9:38
HEY, HOWARD, ROBIN, GUYS!
WAZZUP, MY FINE HISPANIC BROTHER?
DEE-BOOP-BEEP!
HELLO?
FOGGY, CANCEL ALL MY APPOINTMENTS FOR TODAY.
NOTHIN' MUCH, HOWARD!
MATT, WHAT'S--
PLEASE, JUST DO IT.
BOOP!
I JUST WANTED TO POP MY HEAD IN TO TELL EVERYONE ABOUT MY BIG RIBBON-CUTTING CEREMONY THIS AFTERNOON AT THE...

TRIBECA YOUTH CENTER.
CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLA
PCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

THANK YOU. AS SO MANY OF YOU KNOW, THIS HAS BEEN A DREAM OF MINE AND MY FATHER'S FOR SO MANY YEARS. ANY QUESTIONS?
YES, THE YOUNG LADY IN THE FRONT.

NERO, I WAS JUST WONDERING, AS A FORMER STREET SPIRIT, WHAT YOUR THOUGHTS ARE ON THE CURRENT STRING OF "JOHNNY SOCKETS" MURDERS?

AS YOU ALL KNOW, I NO LONGER BELIEVE [redacted] VIGILANTISM.
OVER THE YEARS, I'VE LEARNED TO LEAVE THAT KIND OF CRIME-FIGHTING TO OUR [redacted] POLICE DEPARTMENT--
--AND THAT'S WHY I [redacted] THE NEW YORK CITY MARATHON EVERY YEAR TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE POLICEMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

NO FURTHER QUESTIONS. THANK YOU, EVERYONE, FOR ATTENDING.
SILVIA, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO MAKE SURE THAT ALL THESE REPORTERS WERE REHEARSED AND SANITIZED?
I'M SORRY, SIR.

[redacted] TRIED OUR BEST. ONE JUST HAPPENED TO--
YOUR BEST?

YOUR BEST WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN GOOD ENOUGH FOR MY FATHER, NOR IS IT GOOD ENOUGH FOR [redacted].
I'M TRYING TO BURY MY PAST, NOT DREDGE IT UP AT EVERY DAMN PRESS CONFERENCE.

YO, DAREDEVIL! DAREDEVIL!

YEAH, SOME DAREDEVIL HE IS!

I'M NOT DAREDEVIL, I'M NOT!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU NOT TO USE YOUR FISTS!?!
HIT THE BOOKS!

HIT THE BOOKS!
DON'T TURN OUT LIKE ME!

DON'T TURN OUT LIKE ME

"DON'T TURN OUT LIKE ME!"
AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!
URRRNNN, JEEZ.
DAD...
...WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?

YOU BASTARD!
SMASH!
WHAT THE HELL HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU, MAGGIE?
YOU! YOU'RE WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO ME!
RRRRRRRRING!
WHAT? ALL I SAID WAS THAT MAYBE WE NEEDED A LITTLE HELP. I MEAN LOOK AT YOU, MAGGIE. THE CANC--
RRRRRRRRING!
HELLO?
MAGGIE, IT'S MATT MURDOCK. DID I CATCH YOU AT A BAD TIME?
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY--
MAGGIE!
WHO THE HELL IS THAT ON THE PHONE!?
TELL THEM TO CALL BACK LATER!

I NEED TO GO.
SURE...OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND. UH, QUICK QUES--
MAGGIE!
I REALLY NEED TO GO.
COULD YOU STOP BY THE OFFICE TOMORROW?
SURE, SURE, NOT A PROBLEM.
I'M OUTTA HERE.
SEAN?
GREAT. I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW AT AROUND--
CLK
SEAN FARRELL! [redacted] THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?!!

GOT TO GET UP. NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURTS.
HAVE BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF...
...BUT MAGGIE SOUNDS LIKE SHE MAY NEED SOME HELP.
MR. MURDOCK, I HIRED YOU TO HANDLE MY CASE, NOT MY PERSONAL LIFE.
SO HANDLE MY CASE!
SLAM!
SHE'S RIGHT. IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
AND THIS OTHER THING, THIS OTHER THING CAN'T WAIT.
I CAN FEEL MY RIBS FLOATING WITH EVERY STEP.
SANTERIANS DID ONE HELL OF A NUMBER ON ME.
PERHAPS IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RETHINK THINGS...?

...JUST A LITTLE.

HOW WE DOING OUT THERE, ORISHA?
IN CASE NOBODY'S TOLD YOU LATELY, ESE, IT'S HOT OUT HERE.
OLODUMARÈ'S WORK MUST BE DONE, MY GODCHILDREN.
IS EVERYONE READY TO SPREAD THE LEGEND?
EN EL NOMBRE DE OLURON.
YES.
YEAH, I'M GOOD.
SACRIFICING ALL THOSE CHICKENS BETTER BE WORTH IT.
AND WHAT OF YOU, MY LOVELY OSHUN?
ALWAYS READY TO SPREAD THE LEGEND.

THEN LET'S ROLL!

VRRRRRUUU

HUGCK!
VRRRRT!
OGUN, IS THAT YOU?
KRAK!
OOOFF!
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?
VVVVVRRRRRR
VVVVVRRRRRR
WHIRRRRRRR!
ACCCCKT!
SOMEONE, ANYONE, TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING??

HCK!
FUMP!
OGUN, WATCH-- AUGH!
KAARREEEEESSHHH!
HOLA!
OSHUN, BE A DEAR AND STOP THE CAR, PLEASE.
SKRRRRECCCCCCC

OSHUN, CHECK ON OYA. I'LL CHECK ON THE--
VROOOO

SANTERIANS, MY @$$!

TO BE CONTINUED